



## So Close, So Far / Chris Bitz

Always watching from a distance,  
too scared to say something,  
too scared to do anything,  
always so close and yet,  
always so far away.  
When she leaves,  
There is nothing left but emptiness.  
Another blown chance to express  
how her beauty ravages me  
and makes my heart skip a beat.  
I sit here late at night pondering,  
pondering what I would do or say  
if I only had the chance  
to get her alone  
without a soul around.  
It's easier that way,  
no one around  
to see the possible rejection  
and no one around  
to make her feel uncomfortable.  
Then the day comes.  
I see her coming in my direction,  
Alone,  
by herself,  
and no one else is around.  
My heart stops.  
What do I do?

I need to say something.  
Think, hurry  
she's coming up fast.  
We make eye contact.  
I know what I want to say.  
She smiles,  
I smile,  
"Hello," "Hello."  
And then she's gone.  
Once again too scared to say anything,  
too scared to do anything.  
Even closer this time and yet, even further away.  
Frustration comes over me.  
Why should this be so hard?  
What woman doesn't want to hear  
that she is the epitome of beauty  
in someone else's eyes?  
The frustration leads to nothing  
except knowledge  
that I will forever watch from a distance.  
Always so close and yet  
Always so far away.